

*engraved [Aug. - 1710.]*

# BRITANNIA: ~~1710~~

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# P O E M.

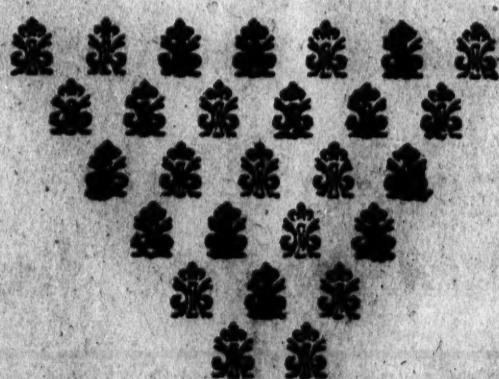
With all Humility INSCRIB'D

TO THE

# FIFTY TWO

(Not Guilty)

# LORDS.



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LONDON:

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# АИИАТИЯ

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# Britannia :

P O E M, &c.

O Fair BRITANNIA! Lovliest of the Sea,  
 Thou Queen of Islands! Heroes! Worship thee.  
 How oft thy Ravish'd Beauties have been made,  
 The sweet Reward of him that durst invade ?  
 The Polite *Roman*, *Saxon* and Rough *Dane*,  
 The Love-born *Norman* next ; then *France* and *Spain*,  
 Like them, would have thy fruitful Charms subdu'd,  
 For all aspire at Universal Good.

But thus to see thee, Languid and Forlorn ;  
 Thy Beamless Face, of all its Brightness shorn ;  
 Thy Teeming Breast, heaving, with inward Woes,  
 Emphatick Groans the touching Pains disclose ;  
 Who by such fading Charms cou'd now be warm'd,  
 Who by those swol'n, those watry Eyes, be Charm'd ?

Who

Who wou'd believe thou'rt wert so remov'd?

By *every* Rival sought, by *Mary* found,  
Whose whit'ned Sails, did I find Thee surround.  
Thus mourning on a bleak and desart Shore,  
Has *Faction* stript Thee of thy valu'd Store?

Are all thy *Honors*, by the *Impious* Wore?  
Has some *Unnatural* Sons provok'd Despair?  
O yet (remember) thou hast many Fair.

Why doft thou then **A U G U S T A**'s Spires forgo?  
**A U G U S T A** yet, can bright Examples show :  
Such who with *Demy-Gods* shall be inrol'd!  
Tenacious of thy *Rights*, as Just, as Bold.

See Warlike **O R M O N D**, Eminent he stands,  
The Bulwark of thy Isles, on Foreign Strands:  
From *Vigo* massy Plate and Victory he brought,  
And on *Batavian* Plains, like the dread God he fought.  
Not *Mars* more lovely, or more Fierce, cou'd be,  
Nor *Mercy's* Self, more *Merciful*, than He.  
Whoe'er in distant Lands, like him, has Honor sought?  
Or to a pitch so high, the *English Glory* wrought?  
Who lavish'd his large Store? profusely as he Fought:  
Nor coveting, nor needing Foreign Gold,  
Thy Honor, *Great Britannia!* to uphold.

BESIEG'D of Royal Race, who all things noble dares,  
Kindred by S'm as Birth, no thole, whose Blood he shares.

As with Renown, thy early Life's begun,

O BEAUTIFUL thou Britannia's darling Son!

With undiminish'd Force, the glorious Stage shall run:

With all the Courage, that High-Birth bestows;

With that just Warmth, that in just Bosoms glows:

Shall dauntless prove, and growing *Faction* tread,

And *Move* and *Speak*, and *Look*, the *Hydra* Dead.

Th' eternal Robe of *Virtue*, thou shalt wear,

For all Behind is *White*, and all Before is *Fair*.

NORTHUMBERLAND, whose Form Divine does show,  
Part of th' *Ethereal* Beauty lodg'd below:  
True Emblem of his Soul, which yet no spot has known,  
No mean Apostacy, his steadfast Life has shown,  
But of a piece the whole, all Kindred to the Throne.

Does TALBOT's Race survive? and can *Britannia* mourn?  
Whilst yet more Worth, is by *This T A L B O T* worn.  
*Maria* knew him well, and all bestow'd,  
Which Sovereigns, Grateful, to just Subjects, ow'd.

The weight of Business, greatly he endur'd;

For *William*'s Life, was by his Care secure'd.

LEEDS, thy important Head can all foresee,  
Even *Nassau* ow'd his brightest Throne to thee.

*Mortal's Heart, where it was more Pomp to Reign,*  
*Than o'er white Worlds of an inferior Strain.*  
*Fear not *Britannia* whilst thy *Legions* survivest,*  
*Vainly the wrestling Mortals with an Angel strives.*

*SHEFFIELD!* whose Princely Dignity bestows,  
*More Glory to the Muse, from whence all Glory flows.*  
*O woud'st thou in thy own eternal Strein,*  
*And sweetly as *Almeria's* Fate was sung, but Deign*  
*To weep the Woes, of which I wou'd Complain,*  
*Who can teach Stedfastness, so much as you?*  
*Who whilst you teach, so stedfastly pursue.*  
*You! whose great Heart, the worth of *Honor* know:*  
*And yet when Glory calls, those *Honor*s can forgo.*

*O HAMILTON!* thy Immortal Race,  
*In Royal Scottish Annals, fill their Place;*  
*But I no more should speak of *Them*, or *Thee*;*  
*They were--- Thou art--- and ever so shall be*  
*Too big for my low Strains, not fit to raise,*  
*My Voice up to a height I wou'd, but dare not Praise.*

*PENBROKE,* the lofty *Cedar* of the Grove,  
*Under whose Shade, Kings may securely move.*  
*O only Man! by all Mankind admir'd*  
*Whose Clay by an *Ethereal* Hand was fir'd.*

*M* *B* *A* *N* *D* *E* *R* *G* *E* *T* *H* *I* *L* *M* *N* *O* *P* *Q* *R* *S* *T* *U* *V* *W* *X* *Y* *Z*

And thence inform'd, with more than *Flame* Soul,  
 So Great, so Just, so *Virtuous*, is the whole.  
 How is each Scene of Life, so nicely wrought?  
 How much above *Humanity* or *Fault*;  
 Thou stand'st a *Pattern* few can imitate,  
 And none can reach: it is not in their *Fate*:  
 For who was e'er by all Men lov'd but you?  
 By all Men Prais'd, and yet deserv'd it too.

NORTHAMPTON, can thy *Loyal* House e'er bear?  
 Such an Apostacy, O Death! to hear,  
 O! Mourn His Wit! and shed a pitying Tear.  
 Yet stedfast Thou, must ever be ador'd,  
 By all his Wiles, and Graces, unallur'd.

DENBEIGH, and BERKSHIRE, both consign'd to Fame,  
 High on your Wings, bear their Triumphant Name.

THANE so free from *Vice*, so truly good,  
 His *Charity* so nobly understood.  
 The Poor he feeds, he Cloaths, his Bounty warms,  
 Protects the Wretched from Insults and Harms,  
 Yet in the Manner, more entirely Charms.

SCARSDALE, Melodious ANGLESEY appear,  
 SUSSEX and YARMOUTH, we must each revere.

NOTTINGHAM, once, the Pillar of the State,  
 Whilst this strong *Atlas* bore Imperial Weight.

Join'd

Join'd with great Rochester, what Empire cou'd boast  
A Carpet Victory? We, what Honour lost?  
Sedately Wise, Capacious, and Retentive too;  
They *Mazarine* and *Richlieu* can out-do.  
Free from that haughty Sullenness and Pride,  
Which oft great Wisdom, and great Power, betide.  
Shou'd fair *Britannia's* Genius, nod a while;  
Safely on These, she might repose her Toil,  
So deep and close their wond'rous Sense is laid,  
Whole Nature at one View's by them survey'd.  
Whom such a perfect Goodness, perfect Knowledge bless,  
The Cabinet and State, must Govern with Success.  
*O Hyde!* Great in thy self, great in thy Father's Fame,  
His Annals shall survive, the lasting British Name.

Fair ABINGDON, thy Charms oppress'd of late,  
By the inclement Air, of a Tumultous State;  
Retir'd to Rural Seats, thou Health hast sought,  
With thy dear Lord, kind Partner of each Thought.  
But yet when Glory calls, That Health's a Toy;  
Back ye return, Land Sacrifice with Joy;  
All soft Concern, to dear Britannia's Name;  
Assign my Muse This Pair, to Deathless Fame.

SCARSDALE, Melodious ANGLESAY appear,  
PLYMOUTH, and partly SCARBOROUGH, have here  
Well finish'd JERSEY, to thy Aid appear.

Yiller's lovely Race ! turn back my Mus'ry  
 Back to a Scene, which thou canst not refuse,  
 Shew all his Beauty, then, in manly Bloom ;  
 Shew Jersey weeping, at Maria's Tomb.  
 Infectious were his Tears, so artfully they flow,  
 As if, t'inspire the Beast he led, with Human Woe.

Thy Ancient House, O PAULET ! we revere ;  
 Another Cecil lives again in M A R R .  
 W E E M S and N O T H E S K united, bravely show,  
 That Scotch Honour can the World out-do.

O ! SAY and S E A L , like Roman *Fabius*, thou  
 Wear'st uncorrupted Laurel on thy Brow ;  
 Sufficient to it self, thy noble Soul,  
 Without the lavish Plenty of the Bowl ;  
 Or *Phœbus* rising on the setting Feast,  
 When with Luxurious Riots, each opprest,  
 Reel to a Stupid, not a Native Rest.  
 Of Honest Poverty grow Proud, and be't thy boast,  
 Thou hast not rais'd thee at a Nation's Cost.

W E Y M O U T H , for pious *Kem*, must still be bless'd,  
 O ! God-like Act, to refuge the Distress'd !  
 O ! Noble *Thyn*, this Deed alone does show  
 The Richness of the Mine from whence such Samples

( How .

FERRERS (with Beauty bless'd) Review'd Willoughby,  
 Tough as the Oak, out-wears the wintry Sky.  
 With Years and Honour crown'd, he treads the Stage,  
 At Ninety mingles with a busy Age :  
 His Body (not his Soul) in vast Decay,  
 When fair *Britannia* calls, he hasts away,  
 Nor numbers Years, or Miles, her Dictates to Obey.

Room, room, ye *Britains*, quick a Statue raise,  
 Some Everlasting *Obelisk* of Praise  
 To NORTH and GREY, his brave Right-hand he lost ;  
 Who can such Monuments of *Hockstet* boast ?  
 Yet fair *Britannia*, to defend thy Breast,  
 The Hero stands resign'd, ready to yield the rest.

HOWARD, CHANDOIS, LEIGH, and LEXINGTON are thine,  
 BERKLEY, in whom his Brother's Honour shines.

CRAVEN and OSBORN, LEEDS's worthy Son:  
 DARTMOUTH, who all his Father has begun !  
 Fam'd for his Love and Suff'rings for the Throne.

STAWEL, GUILFORD, BUTLER, of the *Ormond* Race,  
 LEMSTER, and florid HAVERSHAM, thy Annals Grace.

GUERNSEY! and CONWAY, Upright Seymors' Heir :  
 But O, my FINCH ! chiefly the Muse's Care,

En-

HER-

C

Enchanting Sweetness hangs upon thy Tongue ;  
 Not thy own *Medway* glides so smooth along,  
 Ev'n those who hate the *Theme*, admire and love the  
 [Song.]

Then cease *Britannia*, these portentous Tears ;  
 With such a Train of Heroes ! who can fear ?  
 Each in himself, a Nation, to oppose,  
 Or to offend, *Britannia's* daring Foes.

The awful Seats of *Justice* too are thine ;  
 And, which is more, the mighty Powers Divine :  
 Bright in their sacred Ministers they shine.

*YORK*, so supremely *Good*, so great his *Zeal*,  
 That what he Teaches, still, he seems to feel :  
 With agonizing Pain, the Soul he warns,  
 And whilst he speaks of Terrors, Terror charms !  
 Th' primitive *Purity*, directs his Days ;  
 Sacred his Precepts, Sacred are his ways.  
 O SHARP ! in times of *Popery* pursu'd,  
 Yet with thy LONDON not to be subdu'd :  
Afflictions born for Duty, are but Sport,  
 They bear the Rage of a *Bigotted* Court.  
 Yet Loyal in their Suff'rings, teaching still,  
 That God's Vice-Gerent here, can do no ill !

Or

Or like the Wrath of Heaven, in Plagues and Storms!  
To be by Prayers attor'd, when of our Sins, it warns!

**Noble DURHAM, Heav'n-born ROCHESTER.**

**HOOVER, and CHESTER, on thy side appear.**

Their Holy Hands up-lifted, more avail,

Then, when with *War*, and *Fury*, Meu assail.

O! for some *Muse*, but not depress'd like mine;  
That as they live, and move, their Mov'ments shou'd  
All Brightness! all Resplendant! every Line.  
But I, by *sland'rous* Imputations vex'd,  
By *Prosecution*, frightned and perplex'd:  
Low in my Fortune, low must be my Song;  
Not to be rais'd, ev'n by this noble Throng:  
My Zeal alone, wou'd all things dare to prove,  
Worthy *Britannia*, and *Britannia's Love*.

Affigions pour-tor Duty sic pte Sbort

I pay best the Raage of a Bigottey Court.

Yet loyall in their Guts, unles' teachynge tell

First Comynge, when perdone ill

**F I N I S.**

